

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

THE LINDEMANNE AT FREIBURG.

(From the German of REICHARD.)

Before the ancient council-houses

At Freiburg is

A hidden tree, whose verdant boughs

Wait in the sky,

With casting eyes there was a day

When it was but a faded spray.

On a brave warrior's bosom then

Had it been found;

And he who was, in Murte's plain

Stood well in ground;

He, when the victory was won,

In signs of triumph perfun.

The Freiburg chief's command was heard—

—and all the world was still.

We were the last to bring our friends word

This very day.

The sooner thither thou art attained,

The quicker will their anguish end."

At once the silent messenger

Full stood death him;

His comrades the rich hoary share,

But he wants none.

Let us his laurels pluck,

That he may bring his friends word

The brave man had to rise in base;

He does not fear to die;

Not once, to eat or drink or rest

On his way;

The torrent foams, the sun shuns him,

Nigh breaks his heart—he bids it not.

Exhausted, panting, reaches he

The town at last.

Mid-day, the messengers hasten,

Bore tidings of victory,

Bore tidings of victory,